

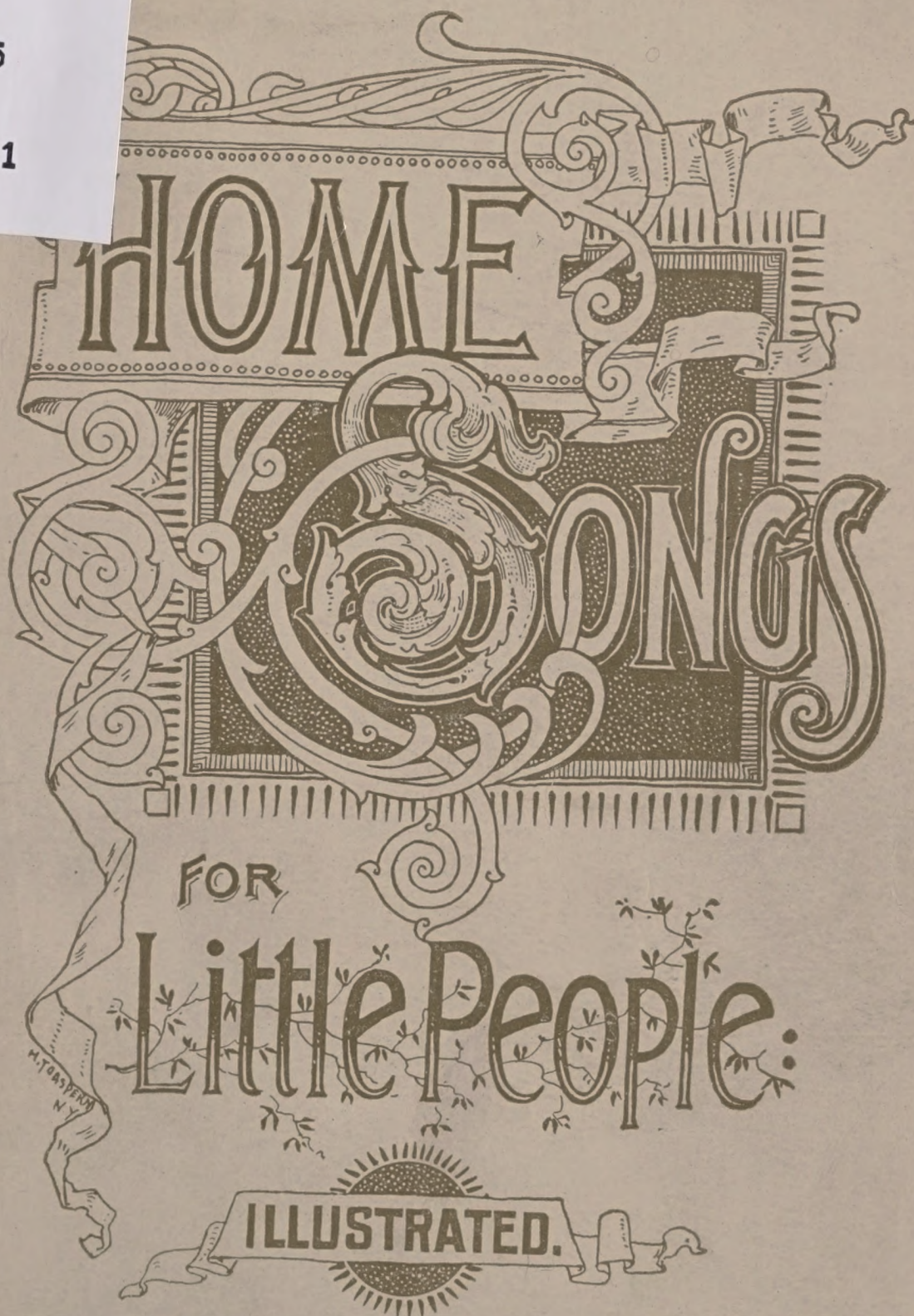
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DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE
NEW YORK.

J. Miller

HOME SONGS

FOR

Little People.

HOME SONGS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.



NEW YORK:

The De Witt Publishing House.

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1877

By JAMES MILLER.

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HOME SONGS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.

MOTHER AND FATHER.



MY mother, I would be
Kind and gentle unto
thee ;
Never may I wound that
breast
Which fed and pillowed
me to rest.

Father, I would be to you
Always faithful, kind, and true;
And would honor and would love
My parents next to God above.

THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL.



HO'S the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can
be.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know?
She it is whose acts and thoughts
All are pure as whitest snow.



THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle
and spin?

Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and
high?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm
white rose?

Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of
bliss?

Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spake, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling
things?

From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

And how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of *you*, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

13





THE OWL.



THE Owl he hath an earnest look,
He studieth much I fear ;
For he never leaveth his hollow tree
Till the dark night draws near.

In darkest night he opes his eyes,
But nought by day can see ;
So all the birds, tho' they know him wise,
Dislike his company.



CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

CHERRIES are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
O give the baby one;
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But baby shall have none:

Babies are too young to choose,
Cherries are too sour to use ;

But by and by
Made in a pie,
No one will them refuse.

Up in the tree
Robin I see,
Picking one by one ;
Shaking his bill,
Getting his fill.

Down his throat they run ;
Robins want no cherry pie ;
Quick they eat, and off they fly ;
My little child,
Patient and mild,
Surely will not cry.

HASTINGS' "Nursery Songs."



EVENING HYMN.

AT the close of every day,
Lord, to thee I kneel and pray,
Look upon thy little child ;
Look in love and mercy mild.
Oh, forgive and wash away
All my naughtiness this day ;
And, both when I sleep and wake,
Bless me for my Savicur's sake.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BIRD

LITTLE GIRL.



SWEET Bird, why take you so
early a flight,
Carolling thus in the sun's first light ?

BIRD.

“ I sing God's praise for life renew'd,
And thus I show my gratitude.
Always has this sweet taste been mine ;
Is it not, little Girl, also thine ?”

And ever so loud in the air sang he,
And ever so glad on the earth went she ;

His wing was strong, her heart was light,
In the lovely morn with its sun so bright ;
And God in heaven deign'd to bless
Their offering of thankfulness.



CHILD AND MOTHER.



LOVE thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again!
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck
in vain.

Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,

And mirror back her love for thee!
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.

Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips, the while they glow

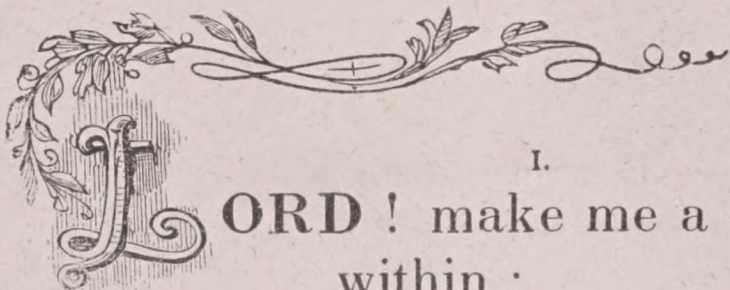
With love that they have often told!
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.

Press her lips, the while they
glow!

THOMAS HOOD.



A PRAYER FOR A PURÉ HEART.



I.

LORD ! make me a clean heart
within ;

Close my soul's door 'gainst every sin :
Drive all things evil from my breast,
Let no ill spirit in me rest.

II.

To Thee my gate I open wide,
O come, and with me, Lord, abide !
All wickedness far from me chase,
And make my heart Thy dwelling-place.

III.

And grant me, Lord, through faith, to see
The bliss of heaven prepared for me ;
That I forever may be Thine,
Hear, gracious God, this prayer of mine !



WHAT A CHILD HAS.

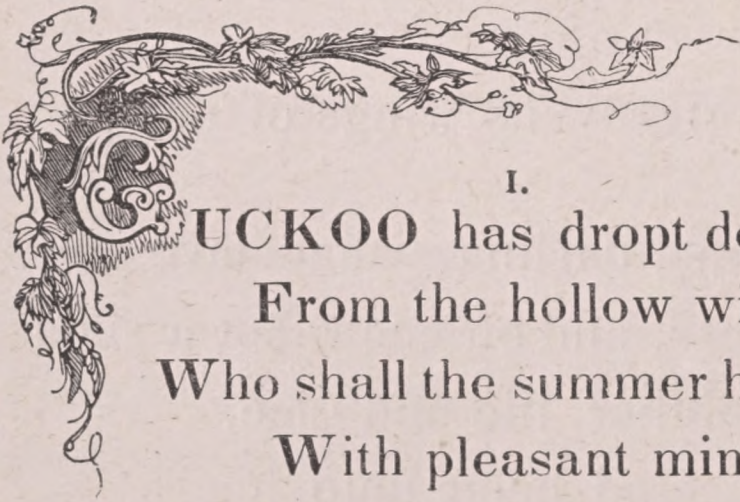


HE Snail, see, has a house :
A fur coat has the Mouse :
The Sparrow has its feathers
brown ;
The Butterfly its wings of down.

Now tell me, darling, what have you ?
“ I have clothes, and on each foot a shoe ;
Father and mother, life and glee,
So good has God been unto me.”



THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.



I.

CUCKOO has dropt down dead,
From the hollow willow tree ;
Who shall the summer hours beguile
With pleasant minstrelsy ?

II.

To the slender twig in the thicket green,
 Dame Nightingale shall come ;
And merrily will she hop and sing,
 When other birds are dumb.



A BOY'S DUTY.



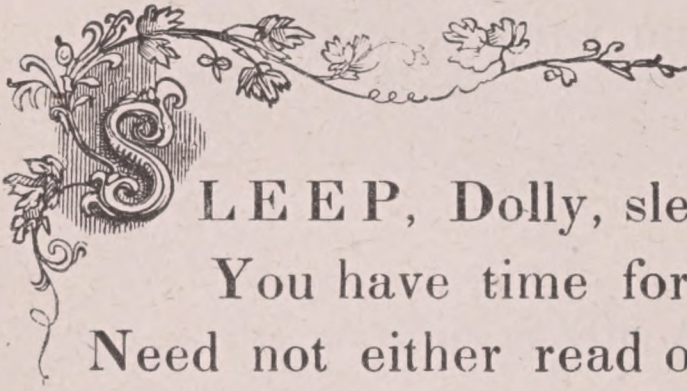
ALL good boys must every day
What their teacher says obey,
Pray and sing, and read and
write—

These make heart and spirit light ;
And, with the grace of God, each can
Thus become a worthy man.

THE DOLL'S CRADLE SONG.



I.



SLEEP, Dolly, sleep,
You have time for a nap,
Need not either read or write,
May remain both day and night
In your night gown and your cap.

II.

That you may have a quiet sleep,
I'll sing to you about Bo-peep ;
And then I'll tell you of Goosey-gander,
Who with Wiggle-waggle loves to wander



THE COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank
Growing on the weedy bank,
But the yellow cowslips eat;
They will make it very sweet.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD'S NEST.



HE boy climb'd up in the tree
so high—

Who could go higher ? In truth
not I.

Bravely he strides
Over branch and bough ;
Softly he slides
To the bird's nest now.

“ I have it ! Ha ! ”
The bough breaks—ah !
He tumbles down
And cracks his crown.



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no
harm;

So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her
away,

But pussy and I very gently will play :
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give
her some food ;

And she'll love me, because I am gentle
and good.

I'll pat little pussy, and then she will
purr,

And thus show her thanks for my kind-
ness to her ;

I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her
paw,

Lest I should provoke her to use her
sharp claw ;

I never will vex her, nor make her dis-
pleased,

For pussy don't like to be worried and
teased.



EVENING PRAYERS.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
O hear, great God, the words I say :
Preserve, I pray, my parents dear,
In health and strength for many a year ;
And still, O Lord, to me impart
A gentle and a grateful heart,
That after my last sleep, I may
Awake to thy eternal day.

GOOD NIGHT.

I



OW good night ! lay thy head
On its pillow of roses,
And sweet smelling posies,
And lie down in bed ;
If God pleases, with the day
Thou shalt rise again and play.

II

Now good night ! O'er thy sleep
Holy angels, filled with love,
Bringing visions from above,
Their calm watch shall keep ;
Thou shalt dream of joys divine,
Slumber sweetly, baby mine.



ROUND RING.

—◆—

RING, round ring,
The children sing.
Under the holly bush,
All cry out, Hush ! hush ! hush !

Hear our call,
Sit down all.

There sat in a ring a lady tall,
And round her seven children small

What like they to eat ?

Fish so fine.

What to drink ? Neat

Currant wine.

Hear our call,

Sit down all.



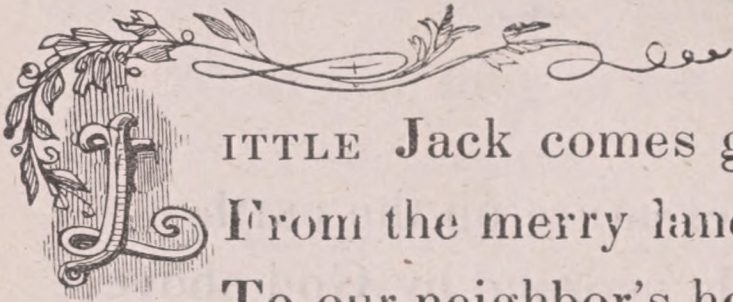
LAUS DEO.



NO creature on the earth
Is scorned by God above,
All owe to Him their birth,
To all He shows His love.
Not man alone
His care doth own;
The bird sweetly singing,
The fish swiftly springing,
The honey-bee
The mouse so wee,
All in their own appointed ways,
Unite to hymn their Maker's praise.

FOR BOYS AT PLAY.

I.



LITTLE Jack comes gaily running
From the merry land of funning ;
To our neighbor's house retreats,
From the pot the honey eats ;
Leaves the spoon within it sticking,
Who will give the spoon a licking ?
Who, boys, who ?

II.

We a wager bold will lay,
Of three chains of gold so gay,
And of wine a measure small,
That it will be, of us all,
You, Jack, you.



MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind,
And everything she says to me
I must directly mind;
For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed.

I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother;
I've heard dear father say,
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nursed me night and day.
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay
But trying to be good.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.



REMEMBER, I remember

The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;

He never came a wink too soon,

Nor brought too long a day.

But now, I often wish the night

Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as free
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!



THE BIRD'S FUNERAL.



HERE, in these rosy bowers,
 Sleep, little bird! We crave
 A spot beneath the flowers
 To dig thy early grave.

II.

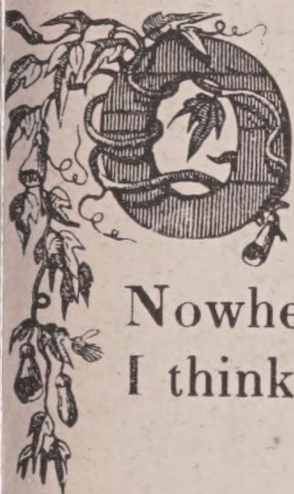
So charming was thy singing !
Thou wast to us so dear ;
Thy voice hath ceased its ringing,
And we are weeping here.

III.

Sweet June waked all her roses
Thy thrilling notes to hear ;
And now with mourning posies
We strew thy silent bier.



THE VIEW IN THE MILL.



NE—TWO—THREE—

Merry boys are we.
Clipper, clapper, peppercorn,
The miller's wife is all forlorn ;
Nowhere is she to be found,
I think she has vanished from off the
ground.

Look at the mill now, what do you see ?
The mice from the window peep at me ;
The stork is stirring the soup with a spoon ;
The cat is sweeping the floor with a broom ;
To carry the dust the rat is come ;
The dog sits up and beats the drum.

A little man sits the eaves beneath,
And nearly has laughed himself to death.

PHILIP, MY KING.



LOOK at me with thy large,
brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
For round thee the purple
shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With Love's invisible scepter laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen hand-
maiden,
Philip, my king!

Oh the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,



Thou dost enter, love crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified!—rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair:
For we that love, ah! we love so
blindly,
Philip, my king.

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy
brow,
Philip, my king!
Aye, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant and make men
bow
As to one God-throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and
fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet fairer,
Philip, my king!



KITTY IN THE BASKET.



HERE is my little basket
gone ? ”

Said Charlie boy one day ;
“ I guess some little boy or girl
Has taken it away.

“ And Kitty too, I can't find her.

O dear, what shall I do ?

I wish I could my basket find,

And little Kitty too.

“I’ll go to mother’s room and look;
Perhaps she may be there,
For Kitty loves to take a nap
In mother’s easy-chair.

“Oh, mother! mother! come and look!
See what a little heap!
My Kitty’s in the basket here,
All cuddled down to sleep.”

He took the basket carefully,
And brought it in a minute,
And showed it to his mother dear,
With little Kitty in it.

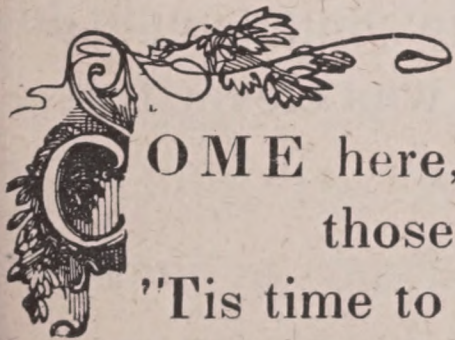
MRS. FOLLEN.





AND NOW I WILL TELL, YOUR ATTENTION TO JOG,
WHAT A LITTLE BOY SAID TO HIS LITTLE DOG.

BOY.



OME here, little Puppy, and cease
those cries,
"Tis time to begin your exercise.

PUPPY.

O, master. I am but a little Pup,
I can learn much better when I am grown

BOY.

No, Puppy, 'tis best to begin, d'ye see,
For the longer you wait, the harder 'twill be.

The puppy soon learnt. 'Twas a pleasant
sight,

To see him both sit and stand upright ;
Then into the water he learnt to spring,
And back to his master a stick to bring.

The little boy saw what the puppy could do
So he worked hard, and was clever too.



THE SEA.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round.

It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the
skies ;

Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the
deep,

What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

THE DISCOVERY



WAY to the wild wood
Alone we went,
And nought to seek for
Was our intent.

We saw 'mid its shadows
A flower rare—
No star more gleaming,
No eye more fair.

We thought to pluck it,
Then softly it said,
“Must I be broken
And withered?”

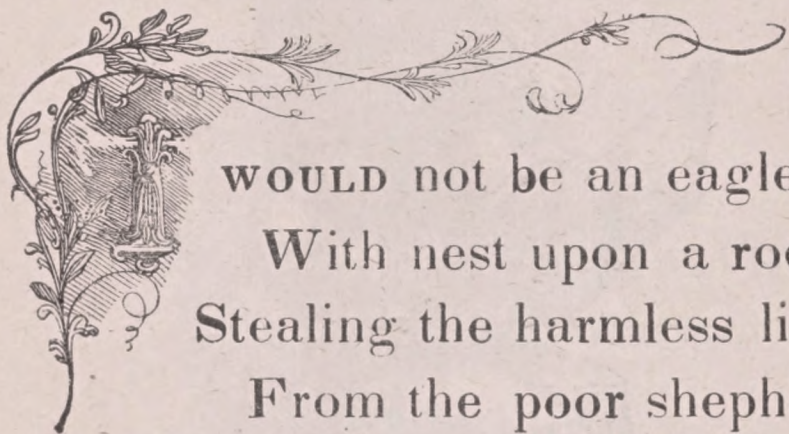
Its roots far spreading
We raised with care,
And home we brought it,
That flower rare.

In our quiet garden
We found it room ;
Where now it groweth
In beauteous bloom.





COME HERE, MY JESSIE ! TELL TO ME,
WHAT KIND OF BIRD YOU'D CHOOSE TO BE



WOULD not be an eagle fierce,
With nest upon a rock,
Stealing the harmless little lambs
From the poor shepherd's flock

I would not be a moping owl,
Snoozing in bed all day,
And pouncing on the mice at night,
When they come out to play.

No—I would be a lark, and mount
From the daisy-spangled sod,
With twinkling wings to Heaven's gate,
Singing the praise of God



SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,

Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?

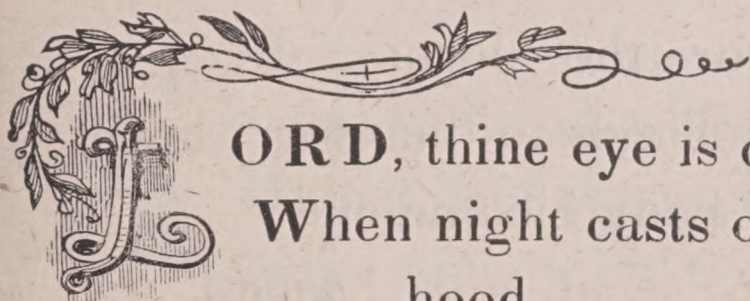
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To take it as a joke,
And say, you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?



AN EVENING PRAYER.

I.



ORD, thine eye is closed never,
When night casts o'er earth her
hood,

Thou remainest wakeful ever,
And art like the shepherd good,
Who, through every darksome hour,
Tends his flock with watchful power

II.

Grant, O Lord, that we, thy sheep
May this night in safety sleep ;
And when we again awake,
Give us strength our cross to take,

And to order all our ways
To Thine honor and Thy praise

III.


Or if Thou hast willed that I
Must before the morning die,
Into Thy hands to the end,
Soul and body I commend.

Amen.



COME HITHER AND LISTEN, I'LL TELL YOU A TALE
OF A HORSEMAN WHO RIDES OVER MOUNTAIN AND VALE.

I.



GALLANT steed, with a rider tall,
Halted beneath a castle wall ;
To the window did the lady come
And said, "my lord is not at home.

II.

" Here there is none to welcome you
Save me alone, with my children two "
The horseman cried from out the wood,
'Are your children gentle? Are they good?

III.

The Lady said, with a heavy sigh,
" Ah, no such happiness have I !

My children follow evil ways,
And heed not what their mother says."

IV

Then spoke the horseman—frowning too—
' They shall their naughty conduct rue ;
' I may not with such children stay,
' Who their kind parents disobey.

V.

' Nor can I give them toys or rings,
' Nor make them glad with pretty things ;
' Such gifts I keep for children who
' Are good, and what they're bidden do.'

VI.

So spoke the horseman in his wrath,
And spurr'd his horse along the path ;
And the gallant steed with his rider tall
Passed far away from the castle wall.

THE STORK



THE STORK.

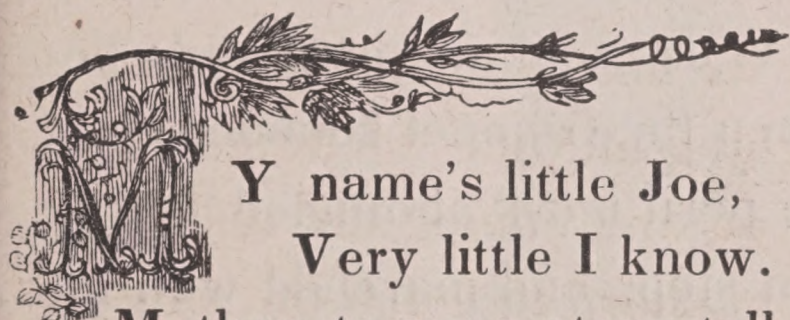


TORK, Stork, long legs,
What are you about ?
Stork, Stork, long beak,
With your forky snout.

Shall we hurt your feelings, pray,
Laughing at your stockings gay ?
There you are, among the rushes,
Watching sharp to catch the fishes.
Why last night did you not bring
A baby underneath your wing ?
If you had left it in the yard,
We had there kept watch and ward ;
If you had left it on the stair,
We had rocked its cradle there

But since you have nothing brought,
Mind what you're about ;
Stork, Stork, long beak,
With your forky snout.

NOW, MY DEARS, I'D HAVE YOU KNOW,
WHAT WAS SAID BY LITTLE JOE.



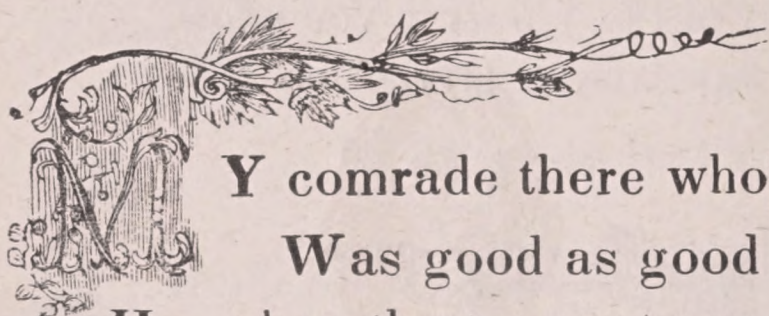
Y name's little Joe,
Very little I know.

Mother, to me a story tell,
And I will try to learn it well.
So when I'm asked another day,
I may then with courage say,—

“ My name's little Joe,
A fine story I know.”



THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.



Y comrade there who's wounded,
Was good as good could be ;
He, when the trumpet sounded,
Where peril most abounded,
Kept step, and marched with me.

There came a bullet flying,—
Must he or I be slain ?

It struck him — there he's lying,
Close by my feet he's dying,
Upon the blood-stain'd plain.

Our lot that ball did sever ;
Henceforth, where'er I be,
My eye can see him never,
And so farewell forever,
My comrade brave, to thee.



LITTLE STAR.



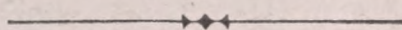
WINKLE, twin-
kle, little star ;
How I wonder
what you are !
Up above the
world so high,
Like a diamond
in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.



In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep ;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.



LULLABY.

LULLABY, baby ! go to sleep ;
Eyes—O, how naughty, still to peep !

Lullaby, baby ! eyes shut tight ;
Little mouth open ; so good-night !

THOS. HOOD.



THE WAVES.

ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar ;
Why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore ?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand ;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand ?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn ;
Make haste, you noisy sea ;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.

“ We must not dare,” the waves reply :
“ That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land ;

“ And all should keep to time and
place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.”





THE FISHERMEN.

FISHERMEN show their patience
good,
Afloat or on the strand,
Whether they sail on the clear
bright flood,
Or wade in the mud and sand.



Dripping they come from the running
brook,

The breeze their garments dries ;
The sea tempts them—and their baited
hook

Tempts that which in it lies.

What's that ?—Hush !

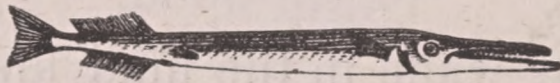
A hare in a bush ?

No, no. Well !

A snail in a shell ?

No—I guess

A silver fish. Yes.





A SPORTSMAN'S FUNNY TALE.

I.

IN a wood where beasts can talk,
I went out to take a walk.
A rabbit, sitting in a bush,
Peeped at me, and then cried, Hush!
Presently to me it ran,
And its story thus began :

II.

“ You have got a gun, I see ;
Perhaps you’ll point it soon at me,
And when I am shot, alack !
Pop me in your little sack.
When upon my fate I think,
I grow faint, my spirits sink.”

III.

“ Pretty rabbit, do not eat
Gardener’s greens nor Farmer’s wheat
If such thieving you begin,
You must pay it with your skin.
Honestly your living get,
And you may be happy yet.”



THE ROBIN IN WINTER.

THE little Robin grieves

When the snow is on the ground ;
For the trees have no leaves,
And no berries can be found.

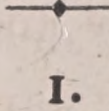
Little Robin, welcome here,
Welcome to my frugal cheer ;
Winter chills thy mossy bed,
Come then daily, and be fed.

Little Robin, fear no harm,
Dread not here the least alarm ;
All will share with you their bread,
Come then daily, and be fed.

Little Robin, let thy song
Now and then thy stay prolong ;
We will give thee food instead,
Come then daily, and be fed.



POOR GOOSEY.



HEY diddle diddle,
What's that in the straw ?
Poor Goosey goes barefoot
with no shoes at a' ;
The cobbler has leather,
But no last that's meet,
To make for poor Goosey
Some shoes to her feet.

II.

Hey diddle diddle,
Let's kill Geosey dead ;
She lays me no eggs now, and nibbles my
bread.

We'll pluck off her feathers
And make a nice bed,
On which my dear Dolly
Shall lay down her head.

III.

Hey diddle diddle,
Some trouble 'twill take
To beg for a penny to buy me a cake
I'll sell my bed, and lie
Down in the night,
With no feathers to prick me,
And no fleas to bite.





THE FARM YARD.

I.

THE hen sometimes comes out and does
A noisy cackling make,
The housewife understands and goes
The new-laid eggs to take.

II

The cock, at early morn, the men,
 Master, and maids, awakes ;
 They turn and stretch themselves, and ther
 Snooze on till daylight breaks.

III.

The bairns wake not—each little phiz
 Is fast in slumber bound ;
 They think, of all things, good sleep is
 The best that can be found.

IV.

Let rest due strength and vigor bring,
 Then be your tasks begun ;
 There is a time for every thing
 Beneath the glorious sun



MINDING BABY.

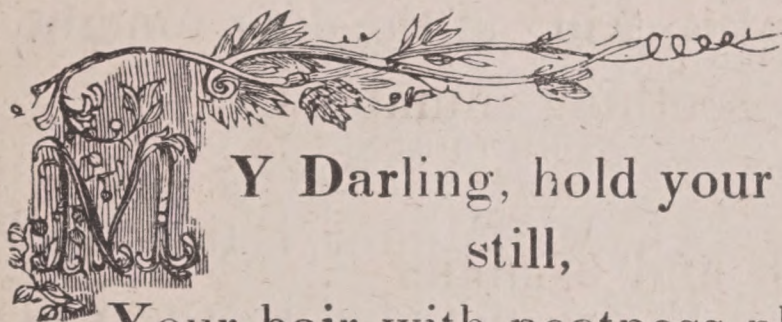
ROCK the cradle
Just a minute ;
Rock it gently,
Baby's in it.
If he's sleeping,
Do not wake him ;
If he rouses,
Nurse will take him.

Sing him now
Some little ditty,
Sweet and birdlike,
Low and pretty.
He will hear it,
In his slumbers,
And will feel
Its soothing numbers.

Sound and sounder
He'll be sleeping,
In the angels'
Holy keeping;
For they always,
Darling Carrie,
Near to infants
Watch and tarry.

DRESSING THE HAIR

I.



Y Darling, hold your head quite
still,

Your hair with neatness plait I will ;
With ribbons red the bands I'll tie,
And violets blue, and rosemary.

II.

Stand still, my darling, like a lamb ;
The comb about to fix I am,
Then place the rosy wreath above,
And so you will be drest, my love.

WINTER AND THE CHILDREN.

OLD Winter, in his coat so white,
Is knocking at the door tonight.



CHILDREN.

Ah, Mr Winter, is that you?
We're not glad to see you,
but how d'ye do ?

We thought you a long
way off, you know ;
And here you are, all
covered with snow.

But since you are come, you may just as
well .

What you have bro't for us children tell.

WINTER.

O, I have brought you some presents fine,
A Merry Christmas with cakes and wine.

Plenty of nice
Smooth slippery ice,
Now you may slide,
And make snowballs beside,
And soon you can
Make up a snow man.





THE COURIER.

A HAPPY life doth the courier lead,
Riding all day on a gallant
steed.



His spurs are the bright-
est that can be worn,
And merrily rings his
lusty horn

And hill and valley echo back
The noise of his long whip's sounding
crack.

O if a courier I might be,
I'd gallop away right merrily ;
Hurra ! hurra ! hurra !

THE ROCKING HORSE.



I.



HA, ha, he !

My fine pony see !

With his rider rearing, prancing,

Not a single step advancing.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, he !

My fine pony see.

II

Skip, jump, hop !

Stop, my pony, stop !

Ere again so gaily spring we,

We a feed of corn will bring thee

Skip, and jump, and hop,

Stop, my pony, stop.

III.

Well-a-day !

Pony eats no hay ;

We will buy some oats or borrow,

Then he'll trot right well to morrow

O dear ! well-a-day '

Pony eats no hay.



NOW HEAR BEHIND THE ARM CHAIR'S BACK,
A SERMON PREACHED BY LITTLE JACK.



SWORD and a gun,
The sermon's begun ;
A cow and a calf,
You now have heard half ,
A cock and hen dead,
The sermon is said.

Now go home, good people all,
And hold a feast both great and small
Have you ought ?
Now eat it.
Have you nought ?
Forget it.

If you have plenty, be not greedy,
But share it with the poor and needy ,
If you have little, take good care
To give the little birds a share.



PETER AND HIS GOATS.



I.



HE clock has struck, the school
is up,
The boys and girls run home to
sup,
Slate, books and pens in hand ;
“ I am not in such haste as they,
My supper will not run away,”
Says lazy **Peter Bland**.

II.

And slowly, slowly home he flits,
And with his bread and honey sits
Down near the garden gate ;

He hears his poor goats' plaintive cry,
"Aha ! you're hungry—so am I,
And you, my friends, must wait."

III.

He eats his supper at his ease ;
Some fruit too would his palate please
If he knew how to take it ;
But ah ! it drops not 'twixt his teeth,
And 'twere hard work to stand beneath
The apple-tree and shake it.

IV.

At length the goats' complaining call
Disturbs his rest, and to their stall
Right slowly strolls the lout ;
"Ah, lazy beasts, you sought fresh food,
You should have seized it while you could,
Now you must go without."

V.

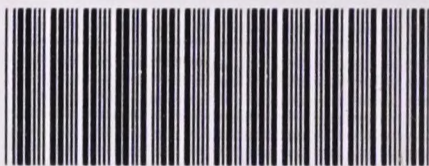
So says he—and so said, so done,
He harnesses in turn each one,
The black goat and the white ;
The wagon's in the court hard by,
He yokes the hungry beasts, who try
The very trees to bite.

VI.

“ See what a wagoner I be !”
He cries, and urging rapidly
His weary beasts, they pass
Out through the gate, across the fields
To where the spacious meadow yields
Its store of new mown grass.



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